

FLEET SLIPS IN A DAY EARLIER THAN EXPECTED

Armada of 103 Ships With
30,000 Men Drops Anchor
in the Hudson.

BACK FROM WAR ZONE

New York Caught Napping,
but Magnificent Spectacle
Remains on View.

The greatest fighting fleet New York has ever seen slipped into the harbor yesterday with less fuss than a ferryboat arriving from Jersey. Mighty battleships, slow moving mountains of gray steel, their guns at rest in their turret casings, silently darting destroyers, fleet things of beauty, and low lying submarines, half awash and grimly austere, each after the fashion of their kind, slid up to their anchorages with the precision of navy seamanship.

New York had not expected them until today, and when they began arriving early in the morning, the destroyers in the lead, they were comparatively few persons along the shore to wave a welcome. Then after the destroyers had passed, came another long interval before the arrival of the battleships, and again the crowd gathered on the word of a moment, a small assemblage beside that of last December when the ships came back from their long North Sea watch.

Admiral Telle of Manoeuvres.

Admiral Henry T. Mayo received newspaper men aboard the battleship Pennsylvania after the flagship had anchored in the Hudson River and spoke of the maneuvers the fleet had been having in Cuban and Atlantic waters. The fleet departed somewhat from the usual custom of manoeuvring in units, and manoeuvred in divisions, a division consisting of from three to five ships deploying under one direction.

"We were inclined to maneuver from the center rather than from the ends, which was the old method," said Admiral Mayo.

The Admiral also spoke of the air service of the navy and its assistance to the fleet.

"The aircraft is an important part of the navy now," he said, "and used airplanes that could land on the ground and found them a great help in conducting the operations of the fleet. The fleet and the planes worked together, and the planes could take flight from the ship. They went far out to sea and communicated with the fleet by wireless. We also used kite balloons, keeping one of them up for two weeks. The men of the fleet made a splendid record in the battle exercises, and one thing that had never been done before, firing a salvo from divisions and hitting the target at 21,000 yards. The best previous record was a hit at 18,000 yards."

Came in to Avoid Storm.

The newspapers had been told long ago that the fleet would not arrive until today and people planned accordingly. They wanted to see this mighty fighting force come in, principally because it was the largest destroyer squadron ever gathered together here, and they were disappointed. It was explained in the afternoon by officers of the fleet that there was a falling barometer and sea with signs of a storm, and that Admiral Mayo decided not to delay coming into port.

But the privileged few who were on hand saw a spectacle of dignity and beauty, and received an impression of terrific striking force and swift action, which they will not forget in a long time. The day was perfect. Last December when the fleet came directly home from its vigil at Scapa Flow, now worried about the ships and hid them from the peering multitude, curtained them completely, but yesterday the sun shone from a cloud flecked sky, the waves chopped briskly under a wind that made every signal flag snap at its halyards, and the air was so clear that every detail of mysterious outward mechanism could be seen.

Those sea waves, the airplanes, could be seen on forward and after turrets, blocked in solidly for the voyage, their brilliant red markings shining in the sun.

At some manœuvres were odd looking clouds, seemingly as out of place as a church bell in a steeples, but with a vital use in time of action, and snugged up on deck beside forward gun turrets, ready to be dropped overboard, were the paravanes, those queer, almost sentient things, which snipped the German mines and made them harmless. Truly a thing of weird and intricate technicalities is a modern battleship.

Destroyers Lead the Fleet.

But the men that work them are very human, and there wasn't a job or officer of the 30,000 that manned this armada of 103 ships whose face was not shining with soap and anticipation of getting ashore. They have had little liberty, for many of them have been out abroad for months, and after a short time here in December went south to the training station off Guantanamo that they might kick the kinks out of their machines, spruce up a bit on target practice, and do all the other things necessary to what was the reorganization of the North Atlantic Fleet.

It was a complete and efficient bit of fighting mechanism. All its varied members ruled from the big ship Pennsylvania, where Admiral H. P. Mayo flew the flag, that showed up off the Hood yesterday morning. Its long line stretched away below the horizon, miles and miles of steel gray shapes. Every one expected the battleships to lead the procession up the harbor, but it fell to the lot of those swifter engines of destruction, the destroyers, to come first into port.

Fifty-two of them were there; a sight to gladden the eye even of the most callous landsman, in two squads of twenty and thirty-two. They rolled in under a lightship, the sharp prow splitting the waves which rolled astern past their slim forms with hardly a break of speed. They moved as if by magic, a swift movement, like the way of a graceful woman. They steamed up through the Narrows and through the tip of the island, and then they came to their crews, their officers standing stiffly on the bridges as if proudly conscious of the fact that they were handling the greatest fighting force in the world.

A man of the most radical tendencies, who hates war and all its instruments with an abiding hatred, watched them, and even he was moved to admiration.

"How beautiful!" was his only comment.

But graceful as they were, there was an Amazonian look about them, as if they could strike hard. They were of all types, from the tiny boats of pre-war days to the veritable cruisers built to combat the German submarines, and on equal terms the last word in destroyer construction. Some of them had served abroad and on a few officers can point out scars of conflict.

There is the Casen, which was torpedoed while stalking a crafty U-boat, but was able to make port and after repairs got out again on patrol. On the Maine, depth bomb exploded in a collision on the foggy North Sea, killing several of her officers and crew. The Benham, the Yorktown, the Walcott, and the Johnston also were banged up in sea collisions due to the constant gales and fog, but were kept off their duty only a short time.

The fleet, however, had been commissioned just before or just after the armistice was signed and so did not see foreign action, but no one watching the colorful fleet but this branch of the navy Uncle Sam can afford to crow with pride.

They slid up the river, past parks and piers, to which people ran when word spread of their coming, and in the snappy fashion that only a destroyer can be handled dropped anchor at their assigned berths on the New Jersey side. There are so many of them that later two or three will cuddle under the wing of each battleship so that river traffic will not be checked.

A few hours after the destroyers had passed in and after the crowds had gone away, thinking that the show was over for the day, the battleship Pennsylvania passed through the Narrows. They moved more slowly, these huge masses of metal, and swung in stately line along the Staten Island shore and then turned to the river up to the harbor, so that from the Battery one could look down past their towering sides and see the section of their formation, each line of basket masts towering in line with those before.

There was an unwanted silence on the river, too, to make the coming more unusual. Because of the harbor straits the bay and rivers are almost barren of craft and there was hardly a boat of water to show that New York was glad to see its men home again and wanted to assure them of welcome. Only down the Narrows was there a salute, and there the monitor Amphitrite banged out the Admiral's salute of nineteen guns. Overhead an airplane or two buzzed by and swooped in long curves over the ships and then wheeled and vanished.

The Mississippi, which led them all, attracted more attention almost than the Pennsylvania, for she has the sweeping clipper bow which makes her a drier and handier vessel in a seaway. She is one of the completest of all the ships,

and on her forward and after main turrets rested airplanes, dainty little fairies, which seemed out of place on the ponderous ship. They were easily crumpled with their war paint, bright red and blue circles and designs.

The Nevada came next, her men so doggone happy at being at last in a home port with liberty awaiting them, that their yells of delight could be heard even on shore. If there was a band, they drowned it. Then came the Oklahoma, the Wyoming, and then the giant Pennsylvania, the Admiral's flagship.

The State's ship, the New York, which was Rear Admiral Rodman's flagship at Scapa Flow, then swung up the river, the band playing a jolly French piece and the men aboard waiting for the signal at the crowd which by now was lining the Battery wall. Her sister ship, the Texas, followed, and behind her were the Arkansas, the Utah, Florida, and North Dakota, the Delaware bringing up the rear. The Texas, Arkansas, Wyoming and Florida also had places of honor in Admiral Beatty's fleet when the German fleet surrendered. They anchored away from Fifty-eighth street to 184th street, the Pennsylvania being off the landing pier at Ninety-sixth street.

Happy Men Swam Ashore.

They no sooner slowed down to their berths, and it was amazing how far one of these great dreadnoughts would shoot with engines stopped and against a swift tide, than the anchor chains roared from the hawse holes, and landing boats were dropped overboard. Booms went out, and in a few minutes officers and men on liberty or detached for service swarmed into them, baggage was tossed aboard, and happy loads started for shore. There wasn't a backward look, the officers alike grabbing their bags and starting almost on the run for the long hill that led to the tip of the island, where the party came ashore, until the officers yelled themselves hoarse getting the boats unmoored at the landing, and the men performed miracles of boatmanship in getting their craft through the tangle.

The men had pets of all kinds. In one Texas a dog named "Buddy" was so anxious over the ship's departure that he swam in strange southern tongue, and a monkey which swam on its back and clung to the ship's side, was so anxious over the ship's departure that he swam in strange southern tongue, and a monkey which swam on its back and clung to the ship's side, was so anxious over the ship's departure that he swam in strange southern tongue.

Welcomed by Mayor.

The only official welcome given the fleet as it came in was from the Patrol on which Mayor Hylan, Rodman Wamaker and several city officials went down the bay. Mayor Hylan, Mayor Wamaker's secretary, megaphoned a greeting to the Pennsylvania, and Admiral Mayo sent a message back, thanking them and saying he was glad to be here. The Mayor later issued his official welcome by saying:

"As Mayor of the city of New York I extend to Admiral Mayo and the officers and men of his fleet a most cordial and hearty welcome. New York is proud of the achievements of the navy during the late war. It was through their efforts that 3,000,000 of our troops were transported from the shores of America to the shores of Europe, and the accomplishment. To the navy must go the credit for this remarkable and historic achievement. New York is glad that you are here and hopes that the officers and men of the fleet will enjoy every moment of their stay."

The submarine came in on Sunday. There are ten of them, long, low lying cruisers of 165 foot length, a size that was hardly dreamed of before the war. They are the O-1 to O-10 inclusive, and are in charge of the mother ship, Savannah, which used to be a German freighter before it was converted into one of Uncle Sam's submarines.

Among the entertainments planned for the men of the fleet will be sightseeing trips conducted by women of prominence in society, who will fill the place of the usual meek and demure performer. Flottillas of automobiles will drive

about the city conveyed by motorcycle policemen. There will be twenty-five cars in each convoy. The trips planned will cover twenty miles or more. Arrangements have been made to take every job of the 1,000 to the circus. Performances will be given on the most of the day of April 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. Six thousand or more can be accommodated at each performance.

There will be boxing bouts too. The first show is to be staged April 16, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus at the New York Athletic Club.

Breakfasts, lunches and dinners will be given. Those who are not sightseeing will get theatre tickets to about every show in town for matinee or evening performances. The tickets will be distributed by the War Camp Community Service at Red Circle Hut, Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, and by the navy liaison officer at Ninety-sixth street and Riverside Drive.

Dances galore will be given for the men in blue. Those who cannot attend the shore dances when they are assigned to "keep ship" will have families for dancing on the ship. The dances will be given on the ship, the Pennsylvania being off the landing pier at Ninety-sixth street and Riverside Drive.

WHERE SHIPS LIE
IN HUDSON RIVER

Landing Places for Units
Also Designated.

Location of ninety-four of the 103 units of the fleet is given below:

Ship	Location	Ship	Location
Battleship	184th street	184th street	184th street
Delaware	184th street	184th street	184th street
Florida	184th street	184th street	184th street
Utah	184th street	184th street	184th street
North Dakota	184th street	184th street	184th street
Delaware	184th street	184th street	184th street
Arkansas	184th street	184th street	184th street
Wyoming	184th street	184th street	184th street
Oklahoma	184th street	184th street	184th street
Idaho	184th street	184th street	184th street
Mississippi	184th street	184th street	184th street
Columbia	184th street	184th street	184th street

THAIN.

Doehrs	184th street	184th street	184th street
Cuyama	184th street	184th street	184th street
Manne	184th street	184th street	184th street
Doehrs	184th street	184th street	184th street
Manne	184th street	184th street	184th street
Doehrs	184th street	184th street	184th street
Manne	184th street	184th street	184th street
Doehrs	184th street	184th street	184th street
Manne	184th street	184th street	184th street

DESTROYER FORCE.

Meridith	184th street	184th street	184th street
Meridith	184th street	184th street	184th street
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Meridith	184th street	184th street	184th street
Meridith	184th street	184th street	184th street
Meridith	184th street	184th street	184th street

The following destroyers will use 184th street landing.

Kimberly	184th street	184th street	184th street
Bertram	184th street	184th street	184th street
Dover	184th street	184th street	184th street
Wainwright	184th street	184th street	184th street
Walcott	184th street	184th street	184th street
Walcott	184th street	184th street	184th street
Walcott	184th street	184th street	184th street
Walcott	184th street	184th street	184th street
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May 4 to Be Employment Sunday.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Churches throughout the country cooperating with the United States employment service in sending work for discharged soldiers and sailors will observe May 4 as Employment Sunday.

Flottillas of automobiles will drive

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BELGIUM LENDS 116 HEROES TO AID LOAN

Bravest of Brave, Crisscrossed
With Wound Stripes, to
Tour Country.

BATTLE DOGS COME TOO

Thousands Cheer Decorated
Visitors as They Pass From
Ship to Quarters.

The little 5 foot 5 lads of Belgium, crisscrossed with wound stripes, dark eyes unliking as they looked for the first time at the skyscrapers of America, amazed their way to the unbelievable Statue of Liberty yesterday afternoon and stepped upon America for the first time, all of them happy after the horrors of war. An army band did the jangling. They had jumped at Von Kluck's throat the first minute back in 1914 that Germany had tried to cross Belgium. They had been knocked over and broken again—and had been knocked over again. Now they were risen for good. One of the Belgian soldiers, a French Line soldier yesterday talked for some time about his olive drab colleagues who marched off the liner Rotterdam with him, his remarks being to the effect that all of them were being the help boost the Victory Loan, and he added that the group had thoroughly fought the good fight. Most of them had been wounded. All were glittering with decorations.

"And you?" a reporter asked the agile young Belgian officer who, eager stick under his arm and every muscle alive with agility, was talking about the other little Belgians who were stepping ashore. "Were you wounded?"

Leg Gone, He Fights On.

The young officer, who was Lieut. Philippe Barber, summoned a smile. He wore not only all—the decorations handed out by King Albert's brave list, the nation but also a few French, British and Italian medals, and wonder of wonders, the Distinguished Service medal of the United States.

"Yes," he said, "I was wounded in the leg at Liege. They shot my left leg off."

"But you're walking up and down the pier here with both legs covered with perfectly good cardigan puttees and riding breeches and everything?"

"I haven't any left leg," Lieut. Barber answered. "On the left side of the hip down I am wearing an artificial leg."

Cheers Greet Visitors.

Over through Hell's Kitchen spouted the crowd, the Belgian soldiers and the dogs crowding every inch

AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST THEATRES AND HITS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

WINTER GARDEN 44th St. & 4th St. Eves. 8:30. Mat. 2:30. To-morrow Sat. 2:30.

"39 East"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

Big Top 44th St. & 4th St. Eves. 8:45. Last 7 Performances To-morrow Sat. 2:30. 11:30 Mat. To-morrow Sat. 2:30.

"A SLEEPLESS NIGHT"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"PAPA! A Lively Comedy"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"The Play"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"Keep It Yourself"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"Lyric 42nd St. & 4th St. Eves. 8:30. Mat. 2:30. To-morrow Sat. 2:30.

"The Unknown Purple"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"A Little Journey"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"GARRICK 45th St. & 4th St. Eves. 8:30. Mat. 2:30. To-morrow Sat. 2:30.

"Bonds of Interest"

With Henry Hull and Constance Hines. (Ideal roles of the American Stage.) 11:30 Matinee Thursday.

"Belmont 42nd St. & 4th St. Eves. 8:30. Mat. 2:30. To-morrow Sat. 2:30.

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